

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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## THROUGH SUNSHINE ; THROUGH STORM :

A STORY OF MARRIED LIFE.

By B. A. JOURDAN.

[PART II.]

THE next morning, before the sun had risen high in the heavens, Edmund Edgecombe and his wife were on their way to Dover, travelling by the parliamentary train. Lucy, who took entire charge of her little boy, had had the good taste to dress in the simplest, quietest style, but she felt quite irritated by the travelling costume which her husband had chosen to assume. His drab wide-awake hat, loosely-fitting light suit, and pair of dark-coloured spectacles, had the effect, she declared, of transforming him completely, giving him the appearance—not of a well-bred, polished gentleman, but of a mere common-place, sight-hunting cockney ! But the witticisms which she lavished on his dress neither provoked nor amused him. Leaning back in a corner of the railway carriage, as if shrinking from view, he looked straight before him, preserving a gloomy silence.

The very same day they crossed over to Calais, and put up at a third-rate hotel—a cheap place enough, but proportionately deficient in comfort. It seemed as if Edmund meant to stay here for an indefinite time, though without any object, for he did not make the least attempt to seek out the relation whom ostensibly he was come to visit. Lucy became more and more alarmed, for his behaviour was so strange and variable that she began to fear that his mind must really be affected.

She wrote secretly to her mother, asking for advice and direction, and one morning, to her great relief, she found an answer awaiting her at the Calais post-office. Returning in all speed to the hotel, she shut herself up in the miserable little apartment

which served alike for sitting and bed-room, and tore open the letter. "Mamma, send me this!" she exclaimed aloud, drawing out of the envelope a five-pound note; "how very kind of her—when she can so ill spare it, too ! I wonder what she recommends about poor Edmund. Oh, dear, how short her letter is, I did not think she would have written so briefly. Only a single sheet, and that barely filled ! But perhaps she does not know what to advise. Edmund is so different from poor dear papa ! still, it is disappointing."

Without any particular emotion beyond that of slight vexation the young wife began to read, but soon, very soon, her colour faded, her blue eyes dilated with horror, and her breath grew short and thick. The letter was as follows :—

"Highgate, April 20th.

"My poor dear darling child,—

"Come back to me at once, and bring sweet baby with you. I hope the money I send will reach you safely, and that you will start directly on receiving this. Your brother says you must come to us ; it is his proposal as much as mine, and you are to stop as long as you please. Poor dear, it is very dreadful ! I heard of it on Monday from Mr. Gibson, and yesterday Mr. H. Pearson came and put me into a terrible flutter. I have had palpitations ever since. He was in a towering passion, and wanted to find out where you were gone, but I would not tell him. He says they will advertise in all the papers, and have bills printed describing your husband, so tell him to fly, and come home yourself as soon as possible. I cannot quite understand your letter. Surely you knew what had happened ? though you must not think it any fault of yours at all. What is to be done about your nice house ? I went there on Saturday, and found such a large fire



burning in the kitchen, and the two girls hanging out of your bed-room window, nodding to some horse soldiers who were passing by on their way to the barracks. I told Marianne she ought to be ashamed of herself. Darling, return ; do, pray. Tom will settle everything ; he is very kind. A kiss to baby.

"Your loving mother,  
"SARAH LANDELLS."

Lucy read and re-read the letter until she entered into its full meaning, then she laid it down, and felt as if her heart was breaking. Edward was a degraded, dishonoured man. He was flying—she knew it now—from the hands of justice. Poverty and misery awaited her ; disgrace had fallen on the head of her innocent child ; but worse, far worse—she had lost all confidence in the person dearest to her on earth. He had deceived her ; he had betrayed the trust reposed in him by his employers ; he had sinned grievously in the sight of heaven ! She felt at first as if she really could not bear the blow, as if it must crush her utterly. She had most deeply loved and revered her husband, honestly believing him to be superior to herself, and this was the end of his early promise, of the noble generosity with which he had acted ! "Fallen ! fallen ! how art thou fallen from heaven, O, son of the morning !" she exclaimed, beginning in increasing agitation and excitement to pace the room.

The merry sound of a child's laugh, though it was her own child, drove her almost to distraction ; Jamie and his father were coming up the stairs, on their return from the beach, where they had been all the morning. The little boy was shouting with delight, but Lucy could not bear to hear him ; and, throwing open the door, she snatched him from her husband's arms. "Give him to me, you shall not have him !" she cried. For a moment Edmund looked amazed, then he knew that the hour—the dreaded hour of revelation—was come at last. With a miserable cowardice he had done his utmost to defer it, but there was no escape for him now, and he could only stammer out an almost incoherent, "What's the matter ?"

"Read that," said Lucy, placing her mother's letter in his hands ; "read that and tell me what it means."

"What it means," he repeated mechanically.

"Yes, what it means. Is it true—have you done what you are accused of ?"

He cast his eyes over the letter, folded it up, and, sinking into a chair, buried his face in his hands. "It is true ; I am a disgraced man, Lucy ; utterly, hopelessly disgraced."

A long silence followed, broken only by Jamie, who sat in his mother's lap, taking part in his own baby fashion. From time to time she kissed his curly little head, and strained him to her heart, but she would not speak, she waited for Edmund to begin. At length, with evident effort, he said, "Of course you condemn me ; I do not wonder at that—but I found myself becoming involved, inextricably involved, in pecuniary difficulties, and so I was tempted to—to—"

"To defraud," she said, without looking at him.

"Yes. It was very wrong, but you cannot conceive the force of my temptation. We ought never to set up in the style we did."

"I know that, but why didn't you tell me so long, long ago ?"

"My dearest, my love for you wouldn't allow me—"

"Love, Edmund ! I would have lived in the poorest, humblest way ; I would have gone out washing or charring—nay, begging in the streets, to have been still an honest man's wife."

The words stung him to the quick. "It would never have been found out," he exclaimed impetuously, "except for that day's holiday which you would make me take. Old Gibson got poring over the books, and when I returned to the counting-house that Wednesday I saw I was suspected. Still I kept hoping and hoping, even after our coming here, that all would turn out right, and that I should be supposed to be suffering merely from aberration of mind, which had rendered my accounts confused ; but I see now—"

"Yes, that hope—if such it were—is over. What have you done ? Have you committed forgery ?"

"No, never ; but I have embezzled, as they call it. I have not always paid in the money I received for cheques I cashed. This happened just the day little Teddie died. The amount then was rather



large ; I meant to refund it—I did, indeed, Lucy."

She did not speak, and with his lip quivering nervously as he spoke, "Are you thinking of doing as your mother recommends ? Do you intend leaving me ?"

"No, I do not."

"My dearest !" he began, but ignoring his eager interruption, she went on : "I hardly like to keep the bank-note mamma so kindly sent me, but we are quite certain to need it, and she would not like me to return it. I will write to her about it, and will beg that she and Tom will settle everything about the house, and the poor servants' wages—"

"The furniture will suffice to pay our rent, Lucy ; more than suffice by a great deal."

"Yes, yes, no doubt ; but I can't think of such things just now, it is all so strange and wretched ! It's not safe, I suppose, for us to be staying on here. Where are we to go to ?"

"I had thought of some retired French town, not very far from here. Will you really go with me ?"

"Yes ; wherever you go, I go ; it is my duty."

He turned towards her, and, with a sudden impulse of affection, was about to kiss her cheek, but her look repelled him, and he dared not even give utterance to one endearing word.

The next day the unhappy couple fled with their child to Rouen, and there established themselves in the third floor of a crazy old house situated in a back street. Edmund shaved off his beard, and passing under the name of "Smith," went about seeking employment, either as an English or classical teacher. He was on the point of being engaged as language-master at a second-rate *pension*, when his spirits utterly gave way, crushed beneath a weight of remorse and shame. "It's of no use," he said to his wife, "I cannot exert myself, it's impossible ; I feel as if I were going out of my mind," and he hung half-shivering over the fire which Lucy had just lighted to cook their humble dinner. She did not speak, or look up from the vegetables she was slicing, but her heart beat fast, and a burning tear came into her eye. Though she had been feeling of late very bitter towards him, in the depths of her heart she loved him still.

"Lucy," he said, after a short pause, there is one thing I can do—I don't say to make life tolerable to me, but to render it at least a little less unendurable than it is now—I must give myself up to justice."

"Oh—no, no, no !" she cried, starting up ; "not that, Edmund, not that."

"I must," he continued, speaking very firmly, "I am quite determined. Why should I escape, while other men—men innocent compared with me—are paying penalty for their crimes ? No outward suffering can be so great as that which I am now enduring in my own mind. I don't mean, of course, that the mere submission to the penalty will make amends for what I have done, but it is fit and right I should bear it, and bear it I will."

"Oh, but, Edmund, think of me and that poor child."

Remorse had made him selfish, and this he now perceived. "I forgot !" he cried ; "I ought to have thought more of you, and how my resolve would have affected you. I have written already to the Pearsons to say I would give myself up. I posted my letter this morning ; we must go now, we are bound in honour."

"Yes," she answered very slowly ; "if such is the case, we must go."

"You agree to do it, Lucy ? I am so relieved ! I was afraid of telling you. I thought you would object. You think it best, do you not ?"

"I do. And perhaps they will be merciful—they will not prosecute."

He shook his head. "I have wronged them deeply, and feel quite persuaded that they will. For my own part, I would rather they should ; but oh, my love, what misery have I not brought upon you !"

A peculiar feeling came over Lucy—a sense of intense relief in the midst of all her pain. "Edmund," she said, rising, and laying her hand on his shoulder ; "never mind about me, dear Edmund, don't. I can bear it."

This was the first time she had spoken tenderly to him since the arrival of her mother's letter, and her look and tone had the effect of unmaning him entirely. Holding both her hands in his, he sobbed aloud, bewailing his crime, and imploring her pardon in the most impassioned tones.

"I do forgive you," she said ; "dearest love, I do forgive you from my heart. It



was partly my fault, I know. But, oh, don't only think of me—of my forgiveness.”

“I don't,” he answered, catching her meaning; but I dare hardly pray to be forgiven—I who have sinned so deliberately against my light. Truly I am the greatest among sinners—the greatest!”

“Well, but even for the greatest—not that I think you so, of course—there is hope. Oh, Edmund, think of Him! He did not break the bruised reed; He has shown us the Father—the Father's tenderness and compassion.”

“My darling!” murmured Edmund, “my comforter.”

He drew his wife closer to him, and they both wept together.

Their journey home was a strange and painful one; it could not be otherwise, considering the purpose for which they were travelling. They were obliged to choose the cheapest modes of conveyance, and Lucy in consequence suffered greatly, yet no complaint or murmur escaped her lips, and whenever her husband looked towards her she was able to meet his half-deprecatory glance with a smile, not bright indeed, but sweet and tender. Jamie proved a solace to them rather than a trouble; he had to be petted and amused, and his pretty little winning ways furnished them with their only topic of conversation, for of the past and future they could not bear to speak.

As soon as they reached London the husband and wife bade adieu to each other, the latter proceeding with her child to Highgate to seek shelter under her mother's roof, while the former beat his unfaltering steps to the City, to surrender himself to his employers, and to ask for the mercy which he hardly cared to receive. The final parting was very terrible, and perhaps it was as well for both that it should take place on a railway platform, as they were thus prevented from allowing indulgence to their feelings. Lucy strove to bear up bravely, but just as her husband was placing her in a cab, Jamie cried out, “Papa, come!” and these, his first connected words, quite overcome his mother's fortitude. She sank back in the cab, utterly unable to speak the last “good-bye,” and Edmund saw upon her face an expression of anguish which was in itself sufficient punishment.

The two Mr. Pearsons proved as im-

placable as he had expected; they chose to prosecute their offending clerk, and Edmund, who made no attempt to obtain bail, was consigned to prison. This news came upon Lucy as a fresh blow, for she had secretly indulged a strong hope that her husband would be allowed quietly to depart from the country. She became very anxious to see Edmund *once more*, as she often touchingly said, but this sad pleasure was denied to her in consequence of the critical state of her health, and about a fortnight before the trial took place she gave birth to a little daughter. From that hour hope began to dawn again in her breast. A new trust had been committed to her, and with a little, tender, dependent being breathing softly beside her, she felt as if she could not be wholly miserable. For her children's sake, and their father's too, she wished to live, and as soon as she was strong enough to guide a pencil she wrote a few lines to her husband, assuring him of her safety, and begging him to bear with patience and hope whatever might await him.

Her mother and nurse both endeavoured to conceal from her on what day the trial was to be held, but by some means or other she found it. During the whole of that long, anxious, weary day, she lay upon her bed, unable to eat or sleep, yet trying to subdue her nervous restlessness. “Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee,” arose continually to her lips, though she never uttered those words aloud.

In the evening, when she heard her brother's voice in the hall, she started up, and hurried to the head of the stairs. Her mother followed her, full of tender remonstrances, but she would pay no regard to her.

“I must see Tom, mamma,” she said. “I must, indeed; Tom! Tom! come to me at once.”

Tom came, looking embarrassed and rather grave.

“Is it over?” she gasped.

He led her back into her room, and tried to place her in an easy chair, but she would not sit down.

“Is it over, Tom? Yes; I am sure it is—and—and—what is the sentence?”

“Well, you see, Lucy, I hardly like to tell you—I—” and he looked anxiously towards his mother.

“My precious child,” said Mrs. Lan-



dells, "you really must be calm, you know, for the sake of that dear baby, there. Think of the harm you'll do, love—"

"Yes, yes, but I must think of him first. I must, indeed, dear mamma. Oh, Tom do tell me; is it penal servitude?"

No, not so bad as that; it is two years' imprisonment."

"Two years! Ah, that's a long time, but not so bad—not worse than I had expected. You were there, Tom—did you see him? How did he look?"

"Very pale, but quite composed. As he pleaded 'guilty,' the trial, of course, was soon over, but before sentence was passed he spoke a few words that made one feel for him rather, poor fellow."

"Did he say anything to excuse himself?" asked Mrs. Landells. "Did he mention his having given up that money of his uncle's."

"Ah, no! he spoke of himself rather as a sort of warning, you know, and owned that his conduct was inexcusable. But there wasn't the least bit of humbug or cant in what he said, and he didn't seem to want to excite compassion, that I must say for him. No, he really spoke in a manly kind of way, and as if he were truly sorry for what he had done."

"I know he is, beyond all expression!" cried Lucy, "and though he fancies himself inexcusable, he is not so—no, mamma, he is not indeed—not quite. It was my fault to a degree! My inexperience and foolish extravagances led him—"

"My dear," interrupted her mother, who could not bear to hear her speak thus, partly, perhaps, because it reflected blame upon herself, "you really are talking nonsense now. You would never, under any circumstances, have acted like your husband."

"I! never—I could not. Ah, and I had thought him so strong—but he was really weak; had I known that I might have behaved towards him differently."

"What a pity he gave up that money to his cousin—I wonder why he did so?"

"Why? out of pure generosity, of course. Oh, mamma, because he has done wrong, do you think he has never done good?"

"No, my dear, no. I was wondering whether—Ah, it is a sad thing to benefit undeserving people. They say his cousins only seem pleased at what has happened."

"So much the worse for them, mamma; but they are not his judges happily. Two years! oh, it's very terrible; still, if we are spared, we may yet be able to redeem the past."

The worst was over now, so far, at least, as Lucy was concerned. Edmund, in her eyes, had already partially retrieved his character, and believing him to be truly penitent, she was to think it possible that some happiness might still be in store for her even on earth. She could not endure, however, to remain a burthen on her mother, who was very far from rich, and as soon as her infant ceased to require her constant care she wrote to a country clergyman, an old friend of her father's, explaining how she was circumstanced, and entreating him to suggest to her some means of obtaining employment. He interested himself greatly in her behalf, and eventually offered her the situation of mistress to his own village school. The salary, he said, was small, but attached to the school-house there were rooms in which she could dwell, and she would thus be able to have her little ones under her own eye. Most thankfully did she accept her kind friend's proposal, and when her mother sighed and objected, saying, "It will be such a loss of position to you, my dear," she met her on her own ground by reminding her that her "position" could hardly be lowered now, since what was she but the wife of a criminal?

Nevertheless, it must be owned that when she found herself actually settled in a retired country village, far away from her mother and brother, and from her unhappy husband too, her heart at first sank within her, and she doubted her ability to fulfil the duties entrusted to her charge. But by slow degrees the sense of desolateness wore away; she acquired power and confidence, and became really interested in her work. In point of intelligence and general information she was superior to the ordinary run of even certified teachers, and by patient, quiet study she laboured to improve herself in those ordinary branches of learning which she had once slighted, and perhaps despised. Her time was fully occupied, but this was a blessing to her rather than otherwise, as it prevented her from dwelling too constantly on her departed joys, and on the life of outward degradation which her husband was leading.



Thus the two years passed away, and Edmund was a free man once more. His wife obtained leave of absence from her school, and received him at a quiet lodging which she had taken for him in the suburbs of London. Their first meeting was affecting, and even painful. Lucy was startled by the change which had taken place in her husband's appearance, and he, though pleased to find her looking better than he had expected, was still bowed down by a sense of shame, and could scarcely bear to meet her honest eyes. It was almost an effort to him to smile at his little unknown daughter, and when Jamie, with a child's unconscious rudeness, turned away from him, whispering, "Mamma, I don't like him!" he sighed deeply, saying, "Ah, poor boy, he little knows now much cause he has not to like me—how I have injured him!"

But the painfulness of their first emotion was not of long duration. Edmund and Lucy rejoiced at being re-united, and were soon in a position to form some not unhopeful plans for the future. Through the kind exertions of their friends, funds were raised to enable them to emigrate, the Messrs. Pearson insisting on contributing to this charitable object, for they had been much touched by the behaviour of their former clerk at the time when he was standing his trial. Lucy obtained a speedy release from her engagement as schoolmistress, and in the course of a few weeks they sailed with their children for Australia.

Young, active, intelligent, they have prospered well as colonists, and have now ample means of providing for the large young family that they have about them. Edmund does not—cannot forget the past, it has left its indelible trace on his very countenance, which in repose bears an expression of sadness approaching to melancholy. Many think him a grave, reserved, and even moody man, but those who know him well find in him a singular humility and charity, and by his own children he is regarded with a love and reverence as great in its degree as that which he himself feels towards his wife. He fancies at times that the suffering he once entailed upon her has made her look prematurely old.

Yet Lucy is happy—happier than he knows, for she again feels proud of her husband, and is able to rejoice over him as an upright, honoured man, as well as a repentant sinner.

## CHRIST AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

By Rev. R. E. B. MACLELLAN.

We continually read in the four Gospels of Christ being in the Temple when in Jerusalem, or in the synagogue when in any other part of the country, either sharing in or conducting the devotions of his fellow-citizens. This was not his occasional practice, but his established habit; for it is said in Luke iv. 16, "And he came to Nazareth where he had been brought up, and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day." To the same effect is his own testimony before those who came to seize him in the garden: "Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and staves, for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the Temple, and ye laid no hold on me." (Matt. xxvi. 55.) In the presence of the high priest and elders also, during his mock trial, he declares, "I spoke openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue and in the Temple, whither the Jews always resort." (John xviii. 20.) From such statements we can reach no conclusion but this, that never was he, on the sacred day of the Hebrews, near the spot, however gorgeous, or however lowly, when his countrymen were assembled to adore the God of their fathers, without uniting with them in that adoration.

This habitual and emphatic sanctioning by his example of public social worship is the more remarkable on the part of our divine Master when we consider how steadily and perseveringly, by another part of his example, he endeavoured to discountenance and to condemn the intense sabbatarian notions and practices of his countrymen. He himself "worked" on the seventh day, which had been expressly forbidden in the Mosaic Decalogue; for he incurred the odium of the Ritualists by choosing that day especially whereon to heal the leper, the blind, the deaf, and the maimed, although (as they truly and justly said) these things might as well have been done at any other time; nay, he even went so far in opposition to popular prejudice, as not only to walk through the cornfields on the Sabbath, and to teach his apostles to do so likewise; but to go, on that same day, to "a great feast," made for him in the house of one of the chief Pharisees (Luke xiv. 1.) Thus while our Lord, alike by his conduct and by his teaching, abolished



all distinction of days and of places; while, therefore, his followers have a perfect right to say that to them no season is necessarily holier than another, and no spot of earth is necessarily holier than another; while they rejoice in the possession of this most valuable liberty, and resolve to withstand any attempt at its infringement; yet they must not forget even for a moment that he to whom they are indebted for so generous a charter authorised and sanctified, and blessed by his whole conduct and life, the practice of social worship.

One beautiful illustration of this practice on the part of our inspired Teacher occurred on the evening previous to his crucifixion. He had all his apostles gathered around him, and before leaving them in the world, deprived of his personal presence and counsel, he knelt down with them, and addressed their common God and Father, in this crisis in his and their behalf, in that exquisite and affecting prayer which occupies the whole of the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel. Here we have a striking instance of social worship on the part of Christ; from which I draw the easy conclusion, that if it be right to adore and praise, and give thanks, and offer up our desires and petitions in the company of twelve other persons, it must be equally right in the company of a score, or of a hundred, or of a thousand.

Some who neglect the "assembling of themselves together" attempt to justify their conduct by the plea that Jesus never specially commanded his followers so to do. This I readily admit; and that I am unable, therefore, to produce a precise injunction to that effect from any of the records preserved to us of the instructions he delivered while on earth. But the omission is easily accounted for. He was born in a land where the practice had existed for centuries upon centuries; where it had all the sanction of a divine revelation; where there was not the slightest danger of its falling into disuse; and where, accordingly, it would have been not only unnecessary, but superfluous, directly to enforce it. However, if he did not enjoin it with his lips, he commended it by his own example, and no greater authority can any humble follower of his either ask for or desire.

It has, again, been supposed by some that our Master discountenanced, if he did not actually prohibit, prayer in public, when

he said in the sermon on the Mount, "But then, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and, when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." It is most unlikely that Jesus would forbid to his disciples that which he himself so sedulously observed; and this reflection alone might have caused the objectors to doubt whether they had discovered the exact meaning of this passage. The Jews had stated hours of the day at which they offered up their individual, and what should therefore have been their private adorations; which they presented when those times returned, wherever they might chance to be, or however occupied at the moment; and the hypocrites among them contrived and managed to be found in the market-places, at the corners of the streets, and in the most crowded thoroughfares, when the stated hours arrived, that they might have numerous witnesses of their devotions, and thus carry away a high character for scrupulous piety. It is not, then, social prayer, offered on the usual day and in the usual place, that our Lord first exposes and condemns; but it is our individual private devotions repeated in public thus he denounces, and justly so, for nothing can be more insincere or more offensive.

Jesus not only himself practised social worship; not only thus by his own example (which is of equal weight with his precept) recommended social worship, but foresaw the existence of such a delightful and beneficial exercise among his followers, and promised to accompany it with a special benediction. In saying, as recorded in Matt. xviii. 20, that "When two or three are gathered together in his name (in the character of his disciples, or of recipients of his Gospel), he 'will be in the midst of them (not personally indeed, but spiritually, that is by the spirit, or influence of his religion, filling their hearts with love, purity, and faith). In saying this, Jesus not only foresaw social worship among those who should call themselves by his name, but approved it; nay more, blessed it; and if he approved and blessed it, he must be understood as recommending it and rejoicing in it, if, when he said, "Blessed are the merciful," he thereby exhorted us to be merciful, by elsewhere saying, "Blessed are they who meet for prayer and praise in my name," he thereby exhorts us so to meet, and for such a purpose.





BRIXTON CHAPEL.



## EFFRA ROAD CHAPEL, BRIXTON.

In 1838, when the means of locomotion were less abundant than is now the case, several heads of families resident at Brixton, Clapham, and at neighbouring places in the southern suburbs, suffering from the inconvenience and difficulty attending the journey to and from London every Sunday, determined to make a vigorous effort to obtain a chapel in their own locality, at which they and their families could attend and join in the public worship of God after the manner which some call heresy. The effort was made, and was successful, though of course not without many failures and disappointments; but the men who took the matter in hand were of the right stamp, and felt, with Lord Lyndhurst, that "a difficulty was a thing to be overcome."

In 1839 the elegant little chapel in Effra-road was opened by the Rev. Thos. Wood, the first minister, and was attended by a large congregation. Mr. Wood was a recent convert from orthodoxy, and his undoubted ability and earnest seeking after truth rendered him an object of much interest. It soon appeared, however, that his views went beyond those of a majority of the congregation, and he resigned in 1841. He was succeeded by the Rev. W. Linwood, a young man of much oratorical power and great fluency. In 1842 he was followed by the Rev. A. M. Walker, who occupied the pulpit for about six years. In 1844 the Rev. Dr. Harrison was chosen as minister, and remained in that office for thirteen years. Under the influence of his effective, but somewhat rhetorical eloquence, the congregation, which had for some little time been in a languishing condition, rapidly increased, and in a few years it was thought necessary to enlarge the chapel, which was done at a very considerable expense. On the completion of the improvement an opening service took place on a week day, when the late Rev. George Harris preached a most impressive and eloquent sermon to a large congregation. The close of Dr. Harrison's ministry was less satisfactory than its opening, and in 1861 he resigned. After a short interval the present excellent minister, the Rev. T. L. Marshall, was unanimously invited, and for the last eight years has fulfilled the duties of his

office with high credit to himself and great satisfaction to his hearers.

Great attention has always been paid to the musical part of the service, and in 1864 a fine organ was erected at a cost of about £210. The present organist, Mr. Herbert Notcutt Green, has presided at the instrument from its opening, and has only once been absent from either morning or evening service during the whole time.

In 1867 Mr. Marshall undertook, and, with the zealous aid of the chapel committee, successfully carried out, the preparation of a new liturgical service book upon the principle of deviating from the Book of Common Prayer only when theological principle or religious sentiment absolutely compelled it.

The Brixton congregation has always recognised its duty towards the poor, and during the whole of its existence has maintained an efficient day school, now containing more than 100 scholars.

## THE MAN IN THE MOON.

ASTRONOMERS tell us that the moon is not inhabited, that it has no seas, and that its surface consists only of arid plains from which rise up mountains of volcanic origin, of which the craters can be perceived by their telescopes. They say that there is no life there—neither animal nor vegetable life—at the same time we have always been accustomed to talk about the "Man in the moon," and do not like to give him up, especially as he looks down so benignantly upon us, and never changes his countenance towards us, and comes to look after us so punctually every month. Shakespeare alludes to the man in the moon with his bush and dog, and . . . in short, it suits our purpose to suppose that there is a man in the moon. We are also going to imagine some adventures which may—shall we say? *possibly* happen to him. We shall venture to suppose that now it has become the custom to use balloons for conveying letters and people from one city to another, that it may happen some day that a too venturesome aeronaut may get so high as to pass beyond the influence of the earth's attraction, and come within that of the moon, and so be drawn up to it, or that, being pursued by an enemy's balloon, he may make his escape to the moon intentionally. Being once there he will of course have an opportunity



of making acquaintance with the man in the moon, its sole inhabitant, and should he prove an intelligent person, anxious to obtain information, and desirous to *see the world*, we can imagine how he might gladly take the opportunity of a return voyage from the moon, and accompany the aeronaut back to our earth. What an event would such a visit be for us ! What a fuss we should make about the lunat-arian stranger, and how anxious we should become that he should be favour-ably impressed with earthly things, and be wonder-struck at our advanced state of civilisation ! Should it happen that he pays a visit to England, we shall be im-mensely pleased to show him all that is wonderful here ; to explain to him our in-stitutions, habits, customs, manners, &c. Appointing him a guide to see all that is worth seeing in London to begin with, we shall be especially interested in hearing all his remarks on what he sees. Let us suppose, for an instant, the sort of observa-tions he may make, and the questions he may ask ! After seeing all the marvellous results of our civilisation, shown in our vast city—its endless streets of houses, the bridges over our river, the ships in our docks, the buildings devoted to manu-facture and commerce, the courts of law, the Bank, the Exchange, the Houses of Par-liament, our beautiful parks, and theatres for the recreation and amusement of the people, &c. — having seen all these, it is more than likely that our religious edi-fices, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and all the innumerable churches and chapels of London, would attract his atten-tion and excite his curiosity. He would, of course, be told by his guide that these buildings are devoted to the wor-ship of God, and many things respecting the Christian religion would be told him in answer to his queries. Accustomed to be the only inhabitant of his own planet, he naturally would feel anxious to learn by what means such an immense number of human beings could be so restrained and influenced as to live in harmony with one another, and he would be assured by his guide that the religion of the people had a great deal to do with it, since it taught all men to live in brotherly love, and to do to others only what they would like to be done to themselves, and also that our laws were such as to enforce a

respect for the lives and property of others, —nothing being punished so severely as the destruction of life.

"All this is very good," will say the man from the moon. "I admire the prin-ciples which seem to prevail among you very much."

"Yes, indeed," says the guide, "I do not know how we should get on without our just laws and our religious precepts. Look at these large buildings, for instance, here, there, and everywhere about our great city. We call them hospitals, and let me tell you they are built solely for the purpose of receiving into them the sick of our population, and all those whose bodies have been injured by accident and whose lives are in danger. Inside those buildings are hundreds of men, women, and children, stricken down by disease or wounded, all lying in comfortable beds, attended by staffs of nurses, who wait on them day and night, while doctors and surgeons with great skill and knowledge spend their time in watching all the changes in their diseases, and seeking to relieve their sufferings and prolong their lives. In fact," says the guide, proudly, "I think we do carry out in our institu-tions the principle enjoined by our religion of doing to others as we would they should do to us."

"All this is truly delightful," says the moon-man, "but just explain to me one thing. As I passed lately over the bit of your planet which the balloon cap-tain called France did I not see an im-mense number of men collected together in certain parts who were discharging small volcanoes at each other ? (you know I am accustomed to volcanoes in the moon), and it seemed to me that they were destroying each other very fast."

"Yes," says the guide, "those were soldiers, and they are fighting there. They are at war with another bit of our planet, as you call it, and as many as 200,000 soldiers on both sides have already been killed."

"Dear me ! and they take away each other's lives with those fiery weapons ? but stay, perhaps I am under a mistake, and it may be that soldiers are not men, but a species of wild beast which can vomit forth fire."

"Oh, dear, no ! soldiers are men. They



are men trained to fight. We have ourselves a vast number of soldiers here in this country who are all most carefully trained to fight in case we go to war."

"Then, of course, soldiers have not the same religion as other men? They have not been taught that precept you told me about just now, nor that other old commandment that you say you so often repeat in your churches about not killing?"

"Pardon me, soldiers are of the same religion as all of us, but you see in time of war we—"

"Set aside your beautiful precept, and pay no regard to the value of life."

"By no means," says the guide, "directly these soldiers are wounded we take the greatest care of them (provided they are not quite dead), and do our very best to save their lives with the help of our doctors, and surgeons, and nurses."

"But the duty of a soldier is to try and kill as many other men as he can?"

"Well, I must own it is so."

"And yet you told me just now that the highest results of your civilisation was the respect paid to life and the value set on it. And pray may I ask what was the cause of all this fighting now going on—why did these men all begin to slaughter each other?"

"Really—I almost forget—but I think it was just a little tiff between the rulers of these two countries."

"How! and you men of earth, whose lives at the best seem to me, who am immortal, to be so short—as transient as the passing of some little cloudlet over my face up there—I must say it does astonish me greatly that you can be willing to throw away your precious lives because of a 'little tiff' between your rulers! I can do little myself except reflect some of the sun's light to you, and help to regulate your tides; but you who are gifted with such wonderful powers and capacities—Altogether, I do not like these ways you have on your earth. I prefer my solitude up in the moon. I will thank you to order them to get ready a balloon for me, so that I may go back to the moon. I will return there and go on reflecting, and see if I can arrive at any satisfactory way of accounting for the strange inconsistencies you practise in this planet." And the man from the moon departs—wondering and perplexed.

## A PROTEST AGAINST THE POPULAR THEORY OF THE ETERNITY OF EVIL.

By A TRINITARIAN MINISTER.

1. Scripture declares that the "everlasting punishment" of the wicked will consist of "everlasting destruction," after, or by means of the infliction of "many" or "few stripes," according to their several deserts. The popular theory teaches that it will consist of everlasting pain.

2. Scripture declares that God will "destroy both body and soul in hell." The popular theory teaches that He will destroy neither one nor the other; but preserve both of them alive for ever in unmitigated agony.

3. Scripture declares "that our God is a consuming fire." The popular theory teaches that He is only a scorching fire.

4. Scripture declares that the "fiery indignation" will "devour the adversaries." The popular theory teaches that it will do no such thing; but only torture them.

5. Scripture declares that the wicked will perish "like natural brute beasts." The popular theory teaches that there will be no analogy whatever between the two cases.

6. Scripture declares that whosoever "will save his life" by unfaithfulness to Christ shall ultimately "lose it" in a far more terrible manner. The popular theory teaches that no man can lose his life more than once, and that "the second death" is no death at all, but eternal life in sin and misery.

7. Scripture declares that whosoever "doeth the will of God abideth for ever." The popular theory teaches that every man will abide for ever, whether he does the will of God or not.

8. Scripture declares that if we desire "immortality" we must seek it "by patient continuance in well doing." The popular theory teaches that every man possesses inherent indefeasible immortality, and what we have to seek for is that it may prove a blessing and not a curse to us.

9. Scripture declares that "the wages of sin is death." The popular theory teaches that it is eternal life in misery; in other words, that God will inflict upon impenitent sinners a punishment *infinitely greater* than what He has pronounced to be their due.



10. Scripture declares that "the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The popular theory teaches that eternal life is the common possession of all men, and that the gift of God through Christ is the privilege of spending it in holiness and happiness.

11. Scripture declares "that the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." The popular theory teaches that they never will be destroyed at all, but that a portion of the universe will specially be set apart for the eternal exhibition of them in their fullest maturity.

12. Scripture declares that Christ is to "reconcile all things to God." The popular theory teaches that all things will *never* be reconciled to God; that discord and disorder will never *cease*, but only be confined to one particular locality.

13. Scripture declares that in Christ "all things consist." The popular theory teaches that a whole kingdom will "consist" for ever, though *not* "in Him."

14. Scripture declares that "he that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life," that "if we live after the flesh we shall die, but if through the spirit we mortify the deeds of the body we shall live." The advocates of the popular theory say that the life of believers and unbelievers, of natural men and spiritual men, must be of equal duration—that the doctrine of eternal happiness and the doctrine of eternal misery must stand or fall together—in other words, that if what the Scripture asserts be true, what it denies must be true also.

I take my stand, therefore, on the plain, consistent, emphatic teaching of the whole Bible from beginning to end, as opposed to the "traditions of men," which have so grievously perverted it, and thereby obscured the glory of Christ, reduced to an unmeaning form the declaration that "God is Love," produced a frightful amount of infidelity, robbed the law of its terrors, by making it threaten sinners with what they are sure will never be executed, incalculably weakened the saving power of the gospel, and damaged the believer's whole spiritual constitution, by putting an unnatural strain upon it, that God never intended it to bear.

SAMUEL MINTON,

Incumbent of Eaton Chapel, Eaton-square, London.

## SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

### THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

ACCORDING to this theory, the earth floated at first as a volume of vapour in space, and was finally condensed into something like an ocean of fluid fire. Ages swept on, and the laws of gravitation and crystallisation, *i.e.*, chemical and mechanical forces, were in play; fire, water, and wind produced a fearful warfare, the proofs of which are found in geological formations. Sea and dry land appeared; then there was an atmosphere only suitable to some of the rudest forms of life. Traces of organic life commenced in the germs of a rude marine vegetable, and after many ages the lowest forms of animal life began to move on the face of the waters. Very long periods of time followed, and the progressive tendency, stamped by God on the primary atoms of matter, resulted in higher and still higher formations, and in more delicate and lovely forms of both vegetable and animal life. There is a tendency to variety in all created things, and to depart indefinitely from the original types; and wherever that departure assures some advantages, this ultimately becomes (for a time at least) a permanent result. The theory of development keeps steadily in view the fact that God works from first to last by natural laws—that the qualities of matter are supposed sufficient to explain all the changes from chaos to order, from anarchy to law. That life is only a step more in advance, and that living things in the cycles of undefined ages progress and are ultimately transformed. That destined races or species are the result of natural selection, preserving first one advantage and then another, thus the variety of vegetable and animal forms which may have issued from one type. That existing natural means have been capable of being expanded, and that the design and the stages of progress were in the mind of the Great Architect of creation. As a child advances from the infancy of physical desires and enjoyments to the manhood of moral and spiritual life and immortal aspirations, without any striking change in any one day of its life, passing through in its growth and development a series of changes resembling nearly all the types of lower vegetable and animal life, constantly ascending to the crown and perfection of creation, the image and likeness of God,



and the king of this terrestrial globe; so the whole train of being, animate and inanimate, from the simplest and oldest up to the most complex and recent forms of life, have climbed and are climbing through a series of changes, dependent upon internal and external aptitudes and adaptations. From the moss that is now growing upon the rock to the man that measures the density and the distance of the stars, there is to an eye that can take in the whole an unbroken and progressive state of being. That the whole is formed on one principle, pre-arranged by one sovereign will, one law, one God. The masses in space are formed by law. Law makes them in due time theatres of existence for plants and animals, and that sensation, disposition, intellect, aspiration, reverence, obedience, and love are all in like manner developed and sustained by law. The whole mystery of nature is resolved into two primary principles, gravitation and development, and these are made to account for all processes and results.

The origin of life, the basis of life, the principle of life, this is a most perplexing problem to men like Huxley and to the whole school of philosophers. Not that these men wish to deny God, but they do wish to discover how and where life begins. The first forms of life are discovered to be of a very simple character, a cell, with the power of increasing. And all vegetable and animal life has a very similar beginning. This little cell appears to be the meeting point between matter and spirit, or matter without life, and matter assuming the power of life. The process of life goes on, and becomes more complicated.

Darwin is disposed to believe that all vegetable and animal life has started from few centres, if not from one centre. "That if it has pleased God to arrange that one species should give birth to another, and that the second highest should give birth to man, the very highest, be it so: it is our part to admire and submit." The more general belief is, that the gradation of animal as well as vegetable life does not pass along one line, on which every form of life may be strung. That there are various lines of being, yet fewer starting points than people are accustomed to believe.

Professor Owen, and other distinguished naturalists, never think of classing men

with other animals—they separate man entirely from the highest class of animals, and affirm strongly against the development theory. It is but fair to make this remark, for some people, who know nothing of natural history, would have us believe that the development theory has won a complete victory in the scientific world. It has done no such thing. Darwin says, a crowd of difficulties force themselves upon his mind. "Some of them are so serious, that to this day I can hardly reflect on them without being staggered." He admits that he has against him the most eminent naturalists, men who believe in the immutability of species and that each is a special creation of Almighty Power and Wisdom. He enunciates the special qualities of many animals which present serious difficulties to his theory. He says, "the very fact of beauty in creation, and the assumption that it was created for the eye of man, or that any one thing is created for the delight of another, or that any modification in any one species is for the good of another, annihilates my theory." The principle on which Darwin has built his theory is "natural selection," and this acts solely by and for the good of itself. If you have found in creation anything you believe intended for the welfare of another, then there is a special creation, and destroys the principle of the development theory, according to Darwin's view.

But admitting this theory of gradual transformation of species as the origin of all the change and beauty and fitness of things in the world, this by no means lessens our certainty in the existence of God, and this is the only point under consideration in reference to science and religion. All the diversity is implied in the first conditions of existence, and flows from the will of God. When the Saviour says, "The earth bringeth forth fruit of itself, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn," he is indicating the facts of development, and ascribing all this to the earth herself, but only as a secondary agency, for the Heavenly Father is the source and founder of all.

The late Professor Whewell, a profoundly religious man, said, "that events are brought about not by insulated interpositions of Divine power, exerted in each particular case, but by the establishment of general laws." This is what scientific



men in general assert concerning creation, and that "the Eternal One, the Creative Providence, the Good God, has arranged for everything beforehand, and trusted all to the operations of the laws of his appointment, *Himself being ever present in all things.*" And yet there is much evidence in both vegetable and animal forms of life that their existence has been caused by a special act of God, an independent creation. This indeed is still the theory of the most eminent naturalists, and it most accords with the well-ascertained facts and feelings of mankind. Nature, history, religion, and man, may have had their special providences. It may be the hand of God is more strikingly and visibly felt and seen in those miracles of creation and life, and that the religious strength of the soul is developed more powerfully under such feelings. It is surely not for weak and ignorant man to say that God is confined to only one mode of action, that, and that alone, with which we have associated the name of natural law.

### THE CANDLES.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was a great wax light, that knew well enough what it was.

"I am born in wax and moulded in a form," it said, "I give more light and burn a longer time than any other light. My place is in the chandelier, or silver candlestick."

"That must be a charming life!" said the Tallow Candle. "I am only of tallow—only a tallow-dip; but then, I comfort myself, it is always better than to be a mere taper, that is dipped only two times: I am dipped eight times, to get a decent thickness. I'm satisfied. It would, to be sure, be finer and luckier still to have been born in wax, and not in tallow; but one doesn't fix himself. They are put in great rooms, and in glass candlesticks. I live in the kitchen, but that is a good place, too; they get up all the dishes in the house there."

"There is something that is more important than eating?" said the Wax-Candle. "Good company—to see them shine, and shine yourself. There is a ball here this evening. Now I and all my family are soon to be sent for."

Scarcely was this said when all the Wax-lights were sent for—but the Tal-

low Candle too. The mistress took it in her delicate hand, and carried it out into the kitchen; there stood a little boy with a basket that was full of potatoes, and a few apples were in it too. The good lady has given all these to the little boy.

"Here is a candle for you, my little friend," said she. "Your mother sits up and works far into the night—she can use this."

The lady's little daughter stood by her; and when she heard the words "far into the night," she said, eagerly, "And I'm going to sit up till night, too! We're going to have a ball, and I'm to wear big red bows for it."

How her face shone! yes, that was happiness! no wax light could shine like the child's eyes.

"That is a blessed thing to see," thought the Tallow Candle. "I shall never forget it, and certainly it seems to me there can be nothing more." And so the Candle was laid in the basket under the cover, and the boy took it away.

"Where am I going to now?" thought the Candle. "I shall be with poor folks, perhaps not once get a brass candlestick; but the wax light is stuck in silver, and sees the finest folks! What can there be more delightful than to be a light among fine folks? That's my lot—tallow, not wax."

And so the Candle came to the poor people—a widow with three children, in a little, low, studded room, right over opposite the rich house.

"God bless the good lady for what she gave!" said the mother; it's a splendid candle—it can burn till far into the night."

And the Candle was lighted.

"Pugh!" it said. "That was a horrid match she lighted me with. One hardly offers such a thing as that to a wax light, over at the rich house."

There also the wax lights were lighted, and shone out over the street. The carriages rumbled up to the rich house with the guests for the ball, dressed so finely; the music struck up.

"Now they are beginning over there," felt the Tallow Candle, and thought of the little rich girl's bright face, that was brighter than all the wax lights. "That sight I never shall see any more."

Then the smallest of the children in the



poor house came—she was a little girl—and put her arms round her brother and sister's neck ; she had something very important to tell, and must whisper it.

"We're going to have this evening—just think of it—we're going to have this evening warm potatoes !" and her face beamed with happiness. The Candle shone right at her, and saw a pleasure, a happiness, as great as was in the rich house, where the little girl said, "We are going to have a ball this evening, and I shall wear some great red bows."

"Is it such a great thing to get warm potatoes?" thought the Candle. "Well, here is just the same joy among the little things !" and it sneezed at that—that is, it sputtered—and more than that no candle can do. The table was spread, the potatoes were eaten. O, how good they tasted ! It was a real feast ; and they each got an apple besides, and the smallest child sang the verse :

"Now thanks, dear Lord, I give to Thee,  
That Thou again hast filled me.—Amen."

"Was that not said prettily?" asked the little girl.

"You mustn't ask that or say it," said the mother. You should only thank the good God who has filled you."

And the little children went to bed, gave a good night kiss, and fell asleep right away ; and the mother sat till far into the night, and sewed, to get a living for them and herself ; and from the rich house the lights shone and the music sounded. The stars twinkled over all the houses, over the rich and over the poor, just as clear, just as kindly.

"That was in sooth a rare evening," thought the Tallow Candle. "Do you think the wax lights had any better time, in their silver candlesticks ? That I'd like to know before I am burnt out !"

And it thought of the happy children's faces, the two alike happy, the one lighted by wax lights the other by tallow candle.

### COURAGE IN THEOLOGY.

WE have at this time in theology a great many in search after truth. Truth-seekers they may be called, but, unfortunately, timidity or worldly interests prevent their speaking out the truth that they may have found. We have in all churches

numerous liberal Christians, or free Christians, who quietly reject the creeds and errors which surround us, but they seem unable to own the conclusions that they have arrived at. They are free to think for themselves, but not free to speak out. They boldly profess themselves friends to free thought, but cannot venture upon free expression, lest they should be known as Unitarians. With some it is a want of courage, with others it is a want of sincerity, that hinders their professing their opinions. Lord Bacon well remarked "That truth is like a pearl which never fails to have its beauty acknowledged when it is seen under a good light ;" but he wittily adds, "It is not like a diamond which shines in all lights." So we find that religious truth does not make itself easily seen when fashion or worldly interests are careful to throw a mist and cloud over it. It is for this reason that it is so important for every one who holds an unpopular opinion to profess it boldly. Whoever among strangers simply owns that he is a Unitarian becomes thereby a spreader of truth. It is not often necessary to support your opinion by argument, because it is not ignorance, but timidity or worldly reasons, which have to be overcome. Thus the simple "Declaration of Opinions" lately put forth by the Unitarian Association is to many minds as powerful as a lengthened argument.

### BABY'S SONG.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,  
A kiss when I go to bed,  
A kiss when I burn my fingers,  
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,  
A kiss when my bath begins ;  
My mamma is full of kisses,  
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,  
A kiss when I pull my hair ;  
She covered me over with kisses  
The day I fell from the stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,  
A kiss when I give her joy ;  
There's nothing like mamma's kisses  
To her own little baby boy.

O mamma, I love you dearly,  
And when I grow up tall,  
I'll not forget your sweet kisses,  
But pay you back one and all !



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**JUSTICE.**—Mohammedans say that one hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer. One act of charity is worth a century of eloquence.

**CALVINISTIC.**—A Calvinistic old lady, on being asked about Unitarians, observed, "Yes, they expect that everybody will be saved; but we look for better things."

**THE INFALLIBLES.**—The Earl of Shaftesbury says that "if his Holiness the Pope had a wife, she would not allow him for an hour to remain in the belief that he was infallible."

**POPE INNOCENT XII.** excommunicated all who used tobacco in any form, while Pius IX. smokes and uses snuff.

**CARDINAL PRINCE SWARTZENBURG** pertinently asks the Pope what would become of his infallibility in case he should go crazy, and whether his bulls would not in that case be considered mad bulls.

**CHRISTIANS.**—Let us be cautious, says Rev. Dr. Bellows, how we raise questions about the Christianity of men like Lincoln, or even Dickens, lest the profane should say, "What is the use of a Christianity which such men could do without?"

**TO CLERGYMEN.**—There is a frightful rumour in the papers that a Rev. is on trial before a Newark Synod "for preaching dry and uninteresting sermons." It would take a vast prison to hold all the clergymen who can be convicted of such crimes.

**NAPOLEON AND THE POPE.**—A Catholic journal thinks the disasters which have overtaken Napoleon are in return for his shabby treatment of the Pope. But then Napoleon's bad luck is the good fortune of Protestant King William. That's the rub!

**THE RICH BEGGAR.**—At a collection made at a charity fair held in—, a lady offered the plate to a rich man well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt reply. "Then take so nothing, sir," she answered; "you know I am begging for the poor."

**THE CAUSE OF SIN.**—Josh Billings says: "Many people spend their time in trying to find the hole where sin got into the world. If two men break through the ice into a mill-pond, they had better hunt for some good hole to get out, rather than get into a long argument about the hole they fell in."

**FAITH AND WORKS.**—Faith and works were well illustrated by a venturesome little six-year-old boy, who ran into the forest after a team, and rode home upon the load of wood. When asked by his mother if he was not frightened when the team came down a very steep hill, he said: "Yes, a little; but I asked the Lord to help me, and *hung on like a beaver*."

**TOTAL DEPRAVITY.**—Rev. Stopford Brookes says that "the doctrine of total depravity was unknown to Christ. Everywhere he believed not in the vileness, but in the greatness of the human soul; and he called in men, by this trust in them, a conviction of their immortality, a longing for a nobler life, a sense of their degradation and death as long as they sinned, a conviction of the glory and beauty of holiness."

**WISHING DAMNATION.**—It was a saying of the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales, of Eton, that when a man thought that another would be damned, it meant that *he wished him so*.

**A CHILD'S REPLY.**—A lady teacher in a Sunday school recently had occasion to illustrate a lesson on "faith," by the story of a child who was told by his father to drop from an elevated place into his arms. The father could not be seen by the child, yet, when commanded, it dropped. Upon the teacher asking her class what was shown by this story, a bright little fellow immediately replied: "It showed he had pluck."

**AGAINST OUR RACE.**—At a dinner-party where Charles Dickens was present, a young writer was inveighing against the world in a very "forcible, feeble manner." During a pause in this philippic against the human race, Dickens said across the table, in the most self-congratulatory of tones: "I say, —, what a lucky thing it is you and I don't belong to it. It reminds me," continued the author of *Pickwick*, "of two men, who, on a raised scaffold, were awaiting the final delicate attention of the hangman. The notice of one was aroused by observing that a bull had got into the crowd of spectators, and was busily engaged in tossing one here and another there; whereupon he said to the other: I say, Bill, how lucky it is for us we are up here."

**VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.**—Rev. F. W. Robertson says: "Let no man say that Christ bore the wrath of God. Let no man say that God was angry with his Son. We are sometimes told of a mysterious anguish which Christ endured, the consequence of Divine wrath, the sufferings of a heart laden with the conscience of the world's transgressions, which he was bearing as if they were his own sins. Do not add to the Bible what is not in the Bible. The Redeemer's conscience was not bewildered to feel that his own which was not his own. He suffered no wrath of God. Twice came the voice from heaven, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' Christ came into collision with the world's evil, and he bore the penalty of that daring. He approached the whirling wheel, and was torn to pieces. He laid his hand upon the cockatrice's den, and its fangs pierced him. It is the law which governs the conflict with evil. It can be only crushed by suffering from it. The Son of Man who put his naked foot on the serpent's head crushed it; but the fang goes into his heel."

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